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PLAYING FOOL.

An industrious young shoemaker fell into the habit of spending much time at a saloon near by. One by one his customers began to desert him. When his wife remonstrated with him for so neglecting his work for the saloon, he would carelessly reply: "Oh, I've just been down a little while playing pool." His little two-year-old caught the refrain, and would often ask: "Is you goin' down to play fool, papa?" Smith tried in vain to correct this word. The child persisted in his own pronunciation, and day by day he accosted his father with "Has you been playin' fool, papa?" This made a deep impression on the shoemaker, as he realized that the question was being answered in the *falling off of his* customers and the growing wants of the household. He resolved again and again to quit the pool-table, but weakly allowed the passion of play to hold him a long time. Finally he found himself out of work, out of money, and out of flour. Sitting on his bench one afternoon, idle and despondent he was heard to exclaim: "No work again to-day; what I'm to do I don't know." "Why papa," prattled the baby, "can't you run down and play fool some more?" "Oh, hush! you poor child" groaned his father, shame-stricken. "That's just the trouble. Papa has played fool too much already." But he never played it again, and to-day his home is comfortable and happy once more.—*Temperance Review.*

GRANDMOTHER READING THE BIBLE.

Hush, little feet! go softly
Over the echoing floor,
Grandmother's reading the Bible
There by the open door.
All of its pages are dearer still,
Now she is almost down the hill,

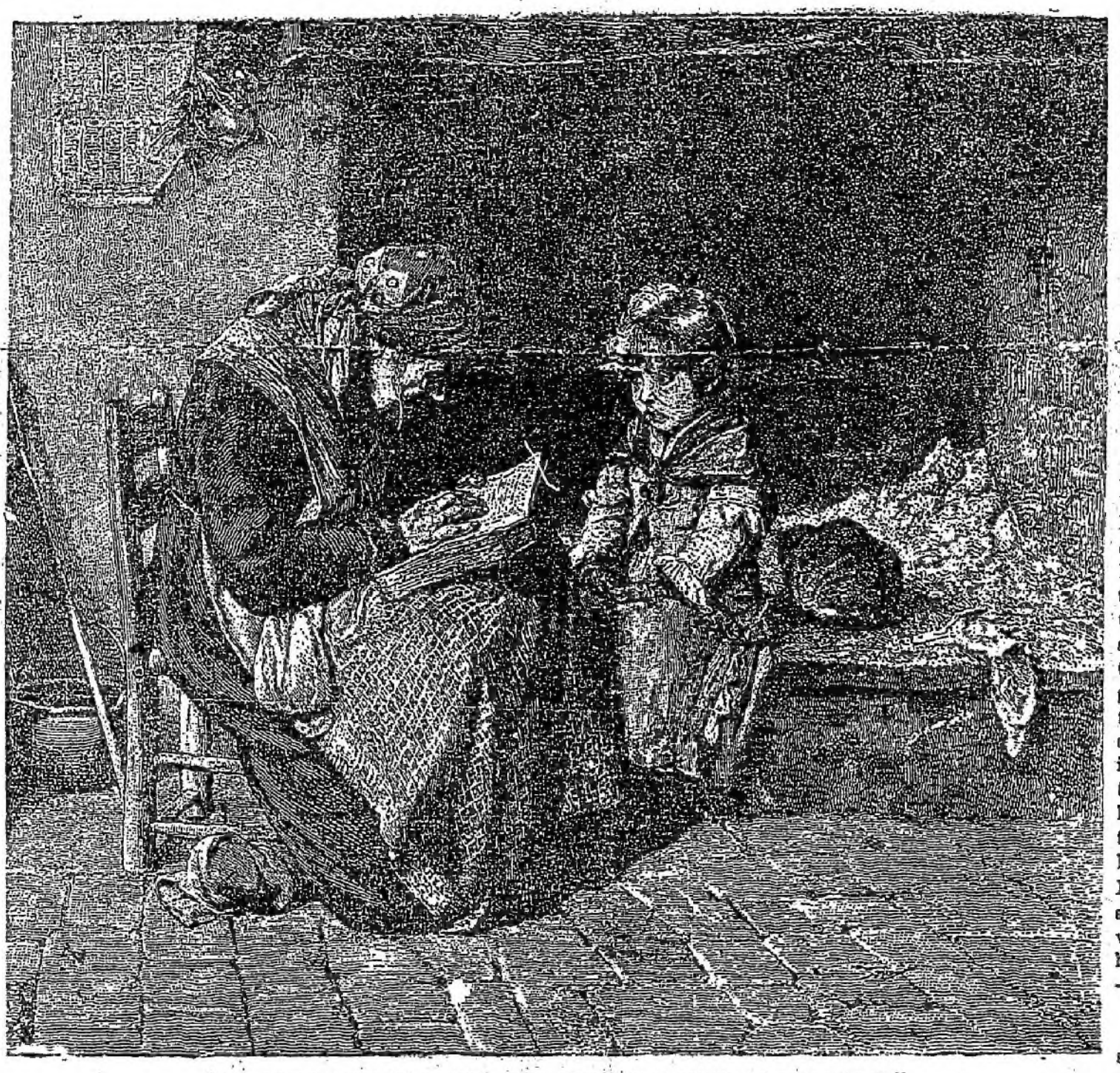
The golden summer sunshine
Round her is gently shed—
Gold and silver together
Crowning her bended head—
While she follows where saints have trod,
Reading the blessed Book of God.

Grandmother's past the morning,
Past the noonday sun,
And she is reading and resting
After her work is done;
Now in the quiet autumn eves
She has only to bind her sheaves.

Almost through with trial,
Almost done with care
And the discipline of sorrow
Hallowed by trust and prayer,
Waiting to lay her armor down
To go up higher and take the crown.

No little feet to follow
Over this weary road,
No little hand to lighten
Of many a weary load;
Children standing in honored prime
Bless her now in her evening-time.

Grandmother has closed the volume
And by her saintly look
Peace I know she has gathered
Out of the sacred Book;
Maybe she catches through that door
Glimpses of heaven's eternal shore.
—*Selected.*



"ALL OF ITS PAGES ARE DEARER STILL, NOW SHE IS ALMOST DOWN THE HILL."

THERE WAS once a good woman who was well known among her circle for her simple faith and her great calmness in the midst of many trials. Another woman, living at a distance, hearing of her, said, "I must go and see that woman, and learn the secret of her strong, happy life." She went, and accosting the woman, said, "Are you the woman with the great faith?" "No," replied she, "I am not the woman with the great faith but I am the woman with the little faith in the great God."

HOW THE BRIDGE WAS CROSSED.

"Mother," said a little girl, "what did David mean when he said, 'Preserve me, O God, for in Thee do I put my trust?"

"Do you remember," said her mother, "the little girl we saw walking with her father in the woods yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, mother. Wasn't she beautiful?"

"She was a gentle, loving, little thing, and her father was very kind to her. Do you remember what she said when they came to the narrow bridge over [illegible]

"I don't like to think about that bridge, mother; it makes me giddy. Don't you think it is very dangerous, just those two loose planks laid across and no railing? If she had stepped a little on either side, she would have fallen into the water."

"Do you remember what she said?" repeated the mother.

"Yes, mamma; she stopped a minute as if afraid to go over, and then looked up into her father's face and asked him to take hold of her hand, and said, 'You will take hold of me, dear father; I don't feel afraid when you have hold of my hand.' And her father looked *so lovingly* upon her, and took tight hold of her hand *as if* she were very precious to him."

"Well, my child," said the mother, "I think David felt just like that little girl when he wrote those words you have asked me about."

"Was David going over a bridge, mother?"

"Not such a bridge *as the one we saw* in the woods; but he had come to some difficult place in his life—there was some trouble before *him* that made him afraid, and he looked up to God just as that little girl looked up to her father and said, 'Preserve me, O God, for in Thee do I put my *trust.' It is just as if* he had said, 'Please take care of me, my kind, heavenly Father; I do not feel afraid when Thou art with me and taking hold of my hand.'"
—*S. S. Visitor.*

DR. T. L. CUYLER says:—The day after my licensure, I preached at Saratoga. The next day a baker in the village said to me, "Young man, you are a stranger here, and yesterday I pitied you when you began; for you did not know what a critical audience you had to address. But I have noticed that if a minister can only convince his congregation during the first five minutes that he cares for nothing but to save their souls, he will kill all the critics in the house." I have always thanked that baker for the best practical hint I ever

AUBERT GALLION QUE

JOHN FREDERIC OBERLIN.

Oberlin was born in Strasbourg, on the Rhine, in the year 1740, and carefully educated in that city. When quite a lad, thinking that he would like to be a soldier, he got permission from some military officers to practise under their direction. His father preferred, however, that he should give his time to study, in order that he might enter a profession. No doubt his father's decision was wise, yet the boy laid in a good store of bodily strength as he went through the exercises of the military drill.

When twenty years of age he wrote out a solemn and formal agreement to obey the Lord, and from that time on he proved himself a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

In looking at the map of Europe, one can see between the river Rhine and the Vosges Mountains a spot of territory over which there has been much dispute. It is called by the French, Alsace, by the Germans, Elsass, and has belonged at different times to both nations. In the last century it belonged to France.

In this province is a mountainous canton called the Ban de la Roche. When Oberlin was born it contained five villages, in which were living less than a hundred families, simple and ignorant peasants. So very ignorant were they, indeed, that when their pastor, Monsieur Stouber, attempted to have the children taught to spell and read, the parents were frightened by the strange-looking syllables in the spelling-books, and thought that these must have some connection with evil spirits. When they found, however, that, after learning how to spell, the children were able to read what they pleased, the grown people, too, became students of the spelling-book.

These simple folks lived in small huts on the mountain-side, and ate wild apples and pears, together with inferior potatoes. During their long winter, lasting from September to May or June, they were entirely shut in from the outer world, not having any way of reaching the larger villages or the cities.

When Oberlin, at the age of twenty-six, became their pastor, it was known that he would attempt to improve their condition. Accordingly, some of these half-savages formed a plan to waylay and beat him. When the day came for carrying out their design, Oberlin, who had been informed of their intention, preached a sermon on the text, "I say unto you that ye resist not evil." Afterward, he went to the house where he knew that the conspirators were talking together, and presenting himself to them, said: "Here I am, my friends. Your design upon me I am acquainted with. You have wished to deal with me in a practical manner, and to chastise me because you deem me culpable. If I have in fact violated the rules which I have laid down for you, punish me for it. It is better that I should deliver myself up to you and save you the meanness of an ambush."

The peasants were so impressed by their pastor's courage and nobility of spirit that they were ever afterwards willing to be guided by him.

One of the first improvements that Oberlin made was to build a road by which the natives of the Ban de la Roche could hold communication with the outside world. He could induce them to work upon it only by himself taking a pick-axe and setting the example; but after the road was built and they were able to carry their produce to market, they were sufficiently proud of their work.

Another thing that the good pastor did was to get seed potatoes from other places, so that the quality of these vegetables might be better than it had been. Then he taught the people to build cellars deep enough to protect the potatoes from frost. He taught them, also, how to cultivate their ground; had young men trained to be masons, wheelwrights, smiths, carpenters, and glaziers; and in course of time gave instructions, either personally or through others, in weaving, spinning, knitting, straw-plaiting and dyeing. He also collected money from his friends in Strasbourg for the erection of a school-house, and afterward succeeded in getting one in each of the five villages. He also started an infant school, in which the very little children were taught while their parents were at work.

So it came to pass that in time Oberlin's parish grew to be a very happy and prosperous one. The people were no longer either idle or ignorant, but were so industrious and contented that they became quite famous on account of their changed condition. Besides learning to take care of themselves they had learned the lesson of Christian charity. They took care of the sick and of orphans, helped the poor who went to live among them, and raised money to send Bibles and missionaries to other places.

No wonder that they had come to love the friend through whose efforts all these wonders had been wrought. They called him "the good papa," and took great delight in listening to him as he talked to them of what he loved to talk of best—the truths of the Holy Bible. Sometimes, when they were gathered around him, the women working while they listened, he would say: "Well, my children, are you not tired? Have you not had enough?" They would generally answer, "No, papa, go on. We would like to hear a little more." Yet when tired they would say so and thank him, and then the teacher would stop.

When he grew to be a very old man, and no longer able to walk from one village to another in order to preach, the people would take turns in sending horses for him to ride. Sometimes as he passed through Waldbach, the village in which he lived, he would shake hands with every child he met, saying: "Jesus loved children; it was to those who resemble them that He promised the kingdom of heaven."

No sadder day ever came to the mountain canton than that on which the good pastor died. In his eighty-sixth year he bid adieu to those among whom he had so long lived and labored, and went to receive his reward. A whole parish trained in useful arts and in Christian virtue was the monument of John Frederic Oberlin.—*Cousin Lois, in Christian Intelligencer.*

WORDS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Are you going to make this future year a happy one, my little readers? Now is the time to begin! Everything lies before you like a pure sheet of paper; and it remains for you to keep the days as pure, or to let them be sullied with the marks of sin.

For a week at least our thoughts have been more kindly, our sympathies more active, our self-love less selfish; and during the Christmas-tide we have sent forth many a kind deed and tender wish from hearth to hearth. Surely we are not going to forget, when the holidays have passed, the Holy Child whose birth we have been celebrating? Ah, no! We must let Christ's presence be always in our hearts to make our words and works be Christ-like. We must let the sunshine of a better life shed itself abroad; we must learn to know that mighty love which made the Father spare not His only Son.

Is there any one among you too bad to plead for pardon, too weak and petty to ask for help? If so, then remember that He who deigned to be cradled in the lowly manger at Bethlehem will never turn His ear from the pitiful cry of His little ones.

Make a rule, and pray to God to help you to keep it, never to lie down at night with angry hearts or wicked thoughts; never to forget that, by night or by day, in darkness or in light, "Thou God seest me"; and never, never to neglect your daily prayers.

Pray in the name of Christ to the good and loving God for everything you want, in body as well as in soul; for the least as well as the greatest thing; for nothing si too much to ask God for, or for Him to grant us; and as we pray thus so let us thank Him. Let us have grateful hearts towards that Father who has given us all things, and who, if we would but give ourselves to Him, would so gladly gather us in His loving arms. There is so much that even the smallest child can do! What if it be but the loving smile, the willing message, the kindly word, or the widow's mite? hrist sees and understands, and loves us for ur efforts, no matter how tiny they be.

Try to begin this New Year well—try to make brave resolutions, and, what is better still, look to Jesus to help you keep them. But do not do what a little friend of mine once did. His name was Harry, and he had been very good for some days after the New Year; and then he failed, was naughty, cross, and disobedient all that day; and what do you think happened then? Wouldn't any sensible little boy or girl have begun again, very sorry and humble about the misspent day, but determined, by God's help, to do better in future? I should have thought so. But Harry only said, like the stupid little boy he was—

"What a pity I was naughty yesterday; now I must just wait till next year comes round, and then begin afresh."

And in the meantime he might be as naughty as he liked, consoling himself by the thought of how hard he would try not to slip next January.

I'm sure you will agree with me in thinking that he was very, very foolish.

The good God is not angry, nor does He punish us for failures, for He knows how weak we are: He only feels more pitiful towards us, and His loving heart rejoices when He sees His children fighting bravely on in spite of all drawbacks.

And to those who love that heavenly Father and serve Him faithfully, every day will be as the beginning and ending of a Happy New Year.—*Children's Friend.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON II.—JANUARY 9.

SIN AND DEATH.—Gen. 3: 1-6, 17-19.

COMMIT VERSES 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin.—Rom. 5: 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Paradise lost by sin.

DAILY READINGS.

M.	Gen. 3: 1-14.
T.	Matt. 4: 1-11.
W.	Rom. 5: 12-21.
Th.	James 1: 1-15.
F.	2 Peter 1: 1-11.
Sa.	Eph. 6: 10-17.
Su.	1 Pet. 1: 1-16.

NEW TESTAMENT TEXT, THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.—Matt. 4: 1-11.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. THE SERPENT: *a real serpent*, but used by Satan, who is the great serpent,—the dragon. SUBTILE: crafty, cunning, tricky, and hence used by Satan. 3. LEST YE DIE: body and soul. Death began the moment they disobeyed; they were shut out from the tree of life, and so their bodies began the process of decay. And sin is spiritual death. 4. YE SHALL NOT SURELY DIE: Satan first planted a doubt of God's goodness; now he denies His truth. 5. YOUR EYES SHALL BE OPENED; to see things now wholly hidden from them. BE AS GODS: angels, or as God. The holy beings they had had communion with. KNOWING GOOD AND EVIL: they understood a knowledge of good by experiencing it: he knew it would be by losing it. This is the worst kind of lie, which has the form of truth. 17. IN SORROW (or in TOIL) SHALT THOU EAT OF IT; *i.e.*, the wilds outside of Eden, whither they were driven. 18. THORNS AND THISTLES: these would grow naturally, and good fruit could be had only by toil. 19: DUST THOU ART: his body was made of dust. UNTO DUST SHALT THOU RETURN: instead of being immortal or transformed, as were the bodies of Enoch and Elijah in ascending to heaven.

SUBJECT: HOW PARADISE WAS LOST.

I. MAN IN HIS BEAUTIFUL HOME.—Where was the Garden of Eden? What were Adam and Eve to do there? What two trees there are mentioned? What was the Tree of Life for? What was the tree of the knowledge of good and evil? What *freedom of enjoyment* was given to man? What restriction was laid upon them? What was the object of this command? Did God wish them to fall?

Is this a type of our lives? What is the forbidden tree to us? Why was a test needed whether they would obey? Could they have known good and evil by resisting temptation better than by yielding to it?

II. THE BATTLE WITH TEMPTATION (vs. 1-5). Who came into Eden to tempt man? (Rev. 20: 2.) of what animal did he make use? Why did he not come in his own form? (Prov. 1: 17; 2 Cor. 11: 3, 14.) What was his first suggestion to Eve? Her reply? What did he say in direct contradiction to God? Was there any apparent truth in what he said? Would they know good and evil? What did he know would be the real effect? Are lies in the form of truth the most dangerous of falsehoods? Could Eve have resisted?

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.—Compare this temptation with the temptation of Christ. (Matt. 4: 1-11.) How did He resist the devil? How was Moses tempted? (Heb. 11: 24-27.) How the Rechabites? (Jer. 35: 12-19.) Are we tempted in the same way? Give examples. Why does God permit us to be tempted? (Deut. 8: 2; Zech. 13: 9; James 1: 2, 3; 1 Pet. 1: 7.) How can we gain the victory? (Eph. 6: 10-18.)

Show what Satan meant them to understand, and what he knew was the truth. Have any since preached Satan's *sermon*? Is it a proof of love to tell men they shall not surely die if they sin? What is the true way of becoming like God? (2 Pet. 1: 3.)

III. DEFEAT AND RUIN (vs. 6: 17-19).—What was the result of this temptation? Show how it grew out of unbelief. How was Adam induced to yield? What was the first effect of this sin? (vs. 7-10.) Why were they afraid of God now? What was the punishment? Were the thorns and thistles within Eden or without? Where were Adam and Eve compelled to go? What was the effect upon the race? (Rom. 5: 12.) Was there any hope or promise left?

What did Adam and Eve lose by their fall? In what state did they fall? Was the nature of the ground changed? Was it better for them, now they had sinned, to be shut out of Eden and compelled to labor? What reasons have you to think that we would have done no better if in their place? Is this the most natural and simple account of the present character of man?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. God has done all that is possible for the happiness of man.

II. But there are limits and laws, to break over which is to lose paradise.

III. Satan does not come in his own form, but under the guise of innocence and privilege.

IV. God calls after the lost, and while He punishes seeks to restore.

LESSON III.—JANUARY 16.

CAIN AND ABEL.—Gen. 4: 3-16.

COMMIT VERSES 9-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Am I my brother's keeper?—Gen. 4: 9.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Faith leads to a noble character and God's blessing;

Unbelief leads to many sins and sorrows.

DAILY READINGS.

M.	Gen. 4: 3-16.
T.	Heb. 11: 1-10.
W.	1 John 3: 1-18.
Th.	Jude 1: 11-25.
F.	Matt. 23: 23-39.
Sa.	John 8: 31-47.
Su.	Prov. 1: 20-33.

CAIN.—The first-born of the human race. His name means POSSESSION. He was a farmer, and about 125 years old at the time of this lesson.

ABEL.—A little younger than Cain. His name means BREATH.

THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD AT THIS PERIOD.—In 125 years there might easily have been more than 100,000 descendants of Adam and Eve.

INTRODUCTORY.—A century has passed since the sad event of our last lesson: and we now come to some of the consequences of Adam's sin, and the growing conflict between the good and evil in the world.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

3. IN PROCESS OF TIME: Heb., "at the end of days;" after a number of years, or at the end of the week or year, a mutual time for offering. 4. OF THE FAT THEREOF: the fattest and best. HAD RESPECT: regarded it favorably; perhaps He sent fire from heaven to show this.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Abel had faith, which led to obedience, and Cain had not (Heb. 11: 4). This faith led (1) to good character and life, while Cain's were bad; (2) to bringing the best he had, while it is not so said of Cain; (3) to obedience, bringing the prescribed offerings; (4) to repentance and acknowledgment of need of atonement, by the kind of sacrifice.

5. COUNTENANCE FELL: scowled, hung his head in anger. 7. SIN LIETH AT THE DOOR; croucheth like a wild beast. UNTO THEE HIS DESIRE: sin wants to overcome him. THOU SHALT RULE: thou shouldst rule, be master over sin. Some make this last clause to mean that Abel should still look up to Cain as the first-born and chief. 8. CAIN TALKED WITH ABEL: he went out in the fields to see him. Note the number of sins in Cain,—envy, irreverence, unbelief, anger, murder, falsehood. 9. BROTHER'S KEEPER: we are our brother's keeper so far as we can help him. 11. CURSED FROM THE EARTH; cursed away from the land, or, the curse will come from the land by its being unfruitful. It was both. 14. FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH: of the land of his home. FROM THY FACE HID: driven from the worship of God, and the place where He manifested Himself. 15. SET A MARK UPON CAIN: either gave him a sign, a visible token, or put some mark on him, that, while it would brand him as a murderer, would be a protection.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long had man been on earth at the time of this lesson? How many people might there have been? What great evil had befallen man in our last lesson? Is there any connection between that and the story of to-day's lesson? (Rom. 5: 12).

SUBJECT: THE FRUITS OF FAITH AND OF UNBELIEF.

I. THE TWO BROTHERS (vs. 3, 4).—Who was the first person born into the world? Meaning of "Cain?" How old was he at this time? What business did he follow? What was his character? (1 John 3: 12; Jude 11.) Meaning of "Abel?" What was his business? (v. 2.) What was his character? (Heb. 11: 4; Matt. 23: 35; 1 John 3: 12.) Did you see any evidence that these brothers were trained up religiously? Why should two brothers of the same family turn out such opposite characters and have such different careers?

II. THE TWO OFFERINGS (vs. 3-5).—Meaning of "in process of time?" What was the form of religious worship at this time? What offering did each of the brothers bring? How were they received? Why did God favor Abel more than Cain? (Heb. 11: 4.) In what ways were the faith and the unbelief manifested (1) in the offering (2) in the characters of the men?

III. THE CRIMINAL AND THE MARTYR (vs. 5-8).—How did Cain feel at the result of his offering? Against whom was he angry? Was anyone to blame but himself? Meaning of "his countenance fell?" What three questions did God ask Cain? What three statements did he make? Meaning of "sin lieth at the door?" What is meant by "unto thee shall be his desire?" Who should rule over whom? What did Cain do to Abel? Why did he do it? (Matt. 23: 35; 1 John 3: 12.)

What does the Bible say of one who hates another? (1 John 3: 15; Matt. 5: 21, 22.) Are anger and envy as bad and as dangerous now as then? Why are there so many quarrels among brothers and sisters? How may this state of things be remedied? (1 John 3: 9-18.) Was Abel's life a success or a failure? (Heb. 11: 4.)

IV. THE FRUITS OF UNBELIEF (vs. 9-16).—How many different sins do you note in Cain? Are sins apt to go together? How did Cain's sin find him out? Should he have been his brother's keeper? What is meant by the blood crying from the ground? How was Cain's sin punished? Was the punishment too severe? Why was it necessary? Why did not the Lord permit Cain to be slain? What was the mark or sign given to Cain? Was his life a failure? What lessons can you learn from these two brothers that will help you in living a true life?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE GUEST CHAMBER.

By all means let us have a guest chamber if we can possibly spare the apartment, and if not, let us so arrange our household that some room can be afforded for the accommodation of visitors. Hospitality is one of the dearest privileges of the home and one of the first things regretted, when home life is exchanged for life in a boarding-house, is that the opportunity to invite friends is necessarily so restricted. The guest chamber should be thoroughly comfortable, and it can do without certain elaborate luxuries if the bed and pillows be soft, elastic, clean and dainty, if there is plenty of covering on the bed, with an extra pair of blankets or a spread conveniently accessible in case of need. There ought to be abundant facility for washing; toilet soap, plenty of towels, not hard and slippery, above all, not new towels, *which are very* disagreeable; pins ought to be on the cushion, needles and thread, a button-hook, and any other little contrivance or convenience which may occur to the hostess. If there is no hot water in the house to be turned on at a faucet, then hot water should be brought in the morning to the guest's door. There ought to be pro*vision for the mind* as well as the body, and no guest chamber is complete in which there are no books. A Bible, of course, should be part of the furniture, and there should also be several bright or restful books, which may while away an hour pleasantly if the friend desire to spend some time in her room. Writing materials—pen, ink and paper, are *not amiss, as indeed* nothing is which will add to the happiness of the friend within your gates A bed and a table, a stove and a candlestick, were the suggestions of the Shunamite matron when she thought of entertaining the prophet as he passed her house, and they still remain the requisites, although a rocking chair is in these days to be *substituted for the more* primitive stool, and a lounge on which to recline is a delightful supplement to the bed.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

EGGS BY WEIGHT.

Isn't it strange that we buy and sell eggs by number instead of by weight? Number does not show their value; weight does. Some eggs weigh twice as much as others. What justice or business sagacity is there in paying the same price for one as for the other? Is not the farmer who sells a large one for the same price that his neighbor sells a small one cheated? And is not the buyer of the small egg cheated? Just as well might butter be sold by rolls, the small roll bringing as much as the large one. We do not buy or sell butter by the number of rolls, of meat by the number of pieces, or cheese by number; nor should we sell eggs by number.

If eggs were bought and sold by weight, the value of certain breeds of fowls would be changed. Now the breed that furnishes the greatest number of eggs is the most profitable; then it would be the breed that furnished the greatest weight. Some breeds are remarkable for the smallness of their eggs; such breeds would suffer in popularity, while the fowls that lay large eggs would gain. This would work only justice, however, to the fowls, as it would to their owners and the consumers. Clearly eggs should be sold by weight. Then why does not every one insist upon it?—*American Agriculturist.*

TEACH OBEDIENCE EARLY.

In spite of the reaction which has taken place against corporal punishment, there can be little doubt among those who have really considered the question, that when applied properly, it is desirable. One of the great mistakes made is, that it is put off too long. When the child has grown to be seven or eight years of age, and government has broken down, then corporal punishment is usually adopted, and *it is a* failure of the most conspicuous kind. As young children behave like young animals, and are amenable to the same instruction as an animal, it seems certain that ninety percent of all the corporal punishment which a child should have, ought to be inflicted before it is three years of age. As soon as it begins to understand yes and no, *it should* be made to obey. When the colt or young puppy, at play, nips the hand too hard, a slight blow stops the unpleasant part of the play, and the punishment is accepted as a result of their own action, so long as the person does not show anger. When at the table, little fingers reach for the hot coffee pot, "No, no," conveys the idea. The fingers go out again, regardless of the warning, and then a little blow will settle the matter. Then the fingers will come out again to test cause and effect. The same punishment must follow without any word of reproof or warning. These lessons repeated in various ways, will settle the question of authority at a very early age and the rod will soon be laid aside.—*American Kindergarten.*

HOME DECORATION.

In home decoration do not overload the rooms with bric-a-brac. Any article that has an excuse for existing at all, can be made beautiful if the form and construction are good. A bit of color can be thrown into any dark corner by a skilful arrangement of drapery, which shall serve as a background and while throwing beauty into the room serves as a little receiving corner for odds and ends, little dark trifles, which need something bright to cheer them up.

White has been introduced for interior finish; white paint for wood work, white ceiling and if not a white wall, only a very delicate tone of color is permitted. Following this fancy, there are old-style rush-bottom chairs painted white, the corners finished by caps of polished brass. Picture frames of white, with a border of gilded beads, show a broad, flat design in the frame, which serves as mat border and frame combined.

If you have windows whose outlook is unpleasant, cover the window panes with pressed ferns attached to the glass with a bit of mucilage. Place the ferns upright, as though they were growing, filling in every bit of the glass, then tack over the entire sash a piece of white or yellow lace; netting or wash blonde will do nicely, protecting the leaves without destroying their beauty.

Another pretty arrangement is to use Spanish moss in the same way, dipping it first into alum water, when you have a mass of drooping crystals against the pane which shuts out every bit of gloom or dreariness of prospect, and catches with every stray gleam of sunshine or flash of gaslight a tremulous beauty most fairylike. Moss prepared in this fashion is one of the industries of Southern women, whose delicate fancy and patience are bringing so many rare and beautiful articles into the market for home decoration.—*American Art Illustrated.*

LINCOLN'S PROVERBS.

An autograph letter that I would like to own was shown to me a few days ago, "A. Lincoln" was boldly signed at the end of it, and this wisdom was there, paragraphed in this wise:

"Do not worry.
"Eat three square meals a day.
"Say your prayers.
"Think of your wife.
"Be courteous to your creditors.
"Keep your digestion good.
"Steer clear of biliousness.
"Exercise.
"Go slow and go easy.
"Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy. but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."—*New York Times.*

RESPECTFUL, considerate manners are almost out of vogue, and the children of to-day ride rough-shod over the proprieties. The old-time stiffness and formality of manner may have had its absurdities, but there is no sweeter charm in life than the habit of considerate regard for the common comfort and regularity of the home—the thoughtful deference to others, the affectionate dependence upon one another. If this spirit is cultivated, the family unity, with all its tender and helpful relations, is assured, and the home becomes the real centre and influence of the life. There is no better or surer test of this than the manners at the table. And, therefore, it is a great loss to the best training and pleasure when its arrangements are so formed as to leave altogether to the waitress the duty of attending to the wants of the company. To keep a watchful eye upon the needs of others, to invite them with gentle courtesy to partake of what they may lack in their supply of the different dishes, will add a gracious spirit of unselfishness and harmony, for which nothing else gives opportunity. No collection of dainty dishes, no extent of formal elegance of arrangement, will give the heart warmth and delight of simple, unobtrusive kindly attention from one's neighbors at the table.—*Marian S. Devereux, in Good Housekeeping.*

IN *Babyhood* an expert chemist has a talk upon a matter that we advise all householders and parents, and judicious folk generally to pay more heed to arsenical wall-papers,—and how to tell them. Week in and week out, a vast deal of mischief is done insidiously to health by manufacturers' yet too frequent employment of the fascinating and perilous tints. Those who have headaches and vertigo and kindred difficulties for which they cannot account, had better be sure that the troubles are not derived from the rich green of a dado, or the seductive blue of a frieze.

NEVER DECEIVE A CHILD.—Of course some questions are asked which cannot be answered understandingly, but remember the answers to a child's question often furnish instruction to a man or woman in embryo. Reply in a manner you would be perfectly willing to have reproduced several years later.—*Golden Rule.*

RECIPES.

RICE PUDDING.—One-half cup of rice, salt, and one cup of raisins boiled until the raisins are tender and the rice dry. Add a custard and pour into a pudding dish set in a pan of water, and do not bake too long. The rule for the custard is four eggs to a quart of milk.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak three tablespoonfuls of tapioca in cold water over night. When soft stir it into a quart of boiling milk, add a teaspoonful of salt and two-thirds cup of sugar. Let it boil five minutes, then add the beaten yolks of three eggs. As soon as it thickens stir in the whites of the eggs. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla and eat cold.

LIGHT CAKES.—In the morning take about one quart from your bread sponge, add an egg, and one heaping tablespoonful each of lard, butter, and sugar. Work these well through and let it rise again. About three o'clock make out into little rolls, put in the pan so they will not touch, let them rise again from two to two and a half hours, then bake twenty minutes.

MEAT CAKES.—Chop any kind of fresh, cold meats very fine, season with salt and pepper, make a nice batter, lay a spoonful of the batter on the griddle, which must be buttered to prevent its sticking, then a spoonful of the chopped meat, and then a spoonful of the batter. When browned on one side, turn carefully and brown the other. It makes a palatable breakfast dish. Serve hot.

SMOTHERED CHICKEN.—After dressing a half-grown chicken, cut it open in the back, lay it in a baking pan with the skin side down as flatly as possible, season with salt and pepper, and sprinkle with flour. Put it in a hot oven, and as it commences to brown, rub with a little butter. Do not put water in your pan unless it commences to burn. When it is a nice brown color, turn and season the same. One hour is long enough for a young chicken.

A PUDDING WITHOUT MILK OR EGGS.—Soak dry bread in as little water as possible, and squeeze out all the water. Add sufficient sugar to sweeten, and for a small pudding one-half tea-cup of chopped suet or butter, and dried fruit, more or less, which has been soaked over night, or canned or fresh fruit. Mix well together, adding a little spice. The pudding is put in a greased tin pail, a cloth placed over and the cover put on. The pail is set in a kettle containing sufficient water to come half-way up the pail. Boil for two hours, or more for a large pudding. To be served with sauce.

THE USE OF BLUEING.—It is well to remember that too much blueing renders clothes yellow after a time. Inexperienced or careless servants think the more blueing in the water the better for the wash; and it is a difficult matter to convince them that the clothes will look far better if only a small quantity be used. As blueing varies so much in intensity, experience only can teach the required quantity. It should always be diluted before it is put in the tub, as, if not thoroughly mixed before the clothes are put in, unsightly streaks will be the result. If the clothes are soaked over night one tablespoonful of pure ammonia in each tub of water will materially lessen the labor of washing.

LADIES' CAKE.—Three cups of powdered sugar, one large cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one half a teaspoonful of soda and the whites of eight eggs. Stir the butter to a cream, add the sugar gradually and stir well; then put in the milk. Sift the cream of tartar and soda with the flour three times and stir it in a little at a time, reserving the whites of the eggs to the last, unless the batter seems too thick to stir easily; in that case part of the eggs can be put in in alternation with the rest of the flour, but the greater part should be reserved to the last. The whites should be beaten very stiff and added to the cake after the most of the stirring has been given it. Flavor with bitter almond and bake one hour.

PUZZLES.

VARIETY PUZZLE.

1. I am performed. Cut off my head and I am single in number.

2. I am a voracious fly. Cut me in twain and I am an animal and an insect.

3. I am a twilled cloth. Cut me in twain and I am an animal and the natural covering of bodies.

4. I lead a wandering life. Cut off a denial and I am furious.

5. I am part of the neck. Cut off my head and I am a kind of monkey.

6. Prefix two letters to a mountain, and make to hate.

7. Prefix two letters to explain, and make released.

8. Prefix two letters to employment, and make maltreat.

9. Prefix two letters to depart from, and make to set free.

10. Prefix two letters to a tribe of Indians, and make keen.

11. Prefix two letters to conclusion, and make to correct.

12. Prefix one letter to ponder, and make to divert.

13. Prefix one letter to a writer, and make to attribute.

14. Prefix one letter to empty, and make to shun.

FAIRY ENIGMA.

I am composed of 113 letters.

Quotation from a celebrated Scottish poem.

My 37, 83, 60, 28, 99, 21, 44, is a species of fairy.

My 48, 65, 101, 24, 10, 55 is a fabulous being of unprepossessing appearance.

My 40, 78, 61, 100, 51, 17, 26, 113, is an epithet which Milton applies to him.

My 4, 33, 23, is a month which has always been a favorite with the fairies.

My 79, 13, 107, 22, 49, 30, is the old-fashioned way of spelling an adjective which was often applied to it.

My 50, 75, 90, 14, 7, 36, is a tree which is in bloom about the first of this month.

My 110, 96, 32, 1, 45, is what the fairies sometimes bestowed on their favorites.

My 64, 108, 6, 97, is something which household fairies particularly disliked.

My 41, 67, 111, 18, 54, is what they liked to see the kitchen utensils do.

My 104, 25, 69, 62, 16, is a place about the ordering of which they were very particular.

My 53, 71, 20, 68, 9, 85, is a part of the house which they required to be swept very clean.

My 95, 42, 15, 81, is an outbuilding which was often considered the abode of fairies.

My 34, 50, 109, 87, were places where many fabulous stories have been related.

My 52, 88, 56, 84, 94, 106, 3, are beings which are not fairies, but are no less unreal.

My 66, 76, 39, 102, 80, 43, is the feeling which they formerly excited.

My 27, 2, 47, is what was sometimes heard in houses supposed to be "haunted."

My 91, 57, 103, 74, 5, 105, 82, 70, 46, 58, 86, is a name applied to fairies in Normandy.

My 72, 98, 35, 89, is a person with whom the fairies have always been in great favor.

My 93, 38, 31, 8, is a word descriptive of the size of fairies.

My 12, 73, 63, 20, is a word applicable to all fabulous beings.

My 19, 77, 112, 92, 11, is a Latin word which signifies what a belief in fairies has long since come to.—*Selected.*

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

1. Oranges
2. Loire.
3. Iceland.
4. Vienna.
5. Barwig.
6. Richard III.
7. Claremont.
8. Rhine.
9. Oxford.
10. Madeira.
11. Wellington.
12. Edward.
13. London.
14. Lion.

(Oliver Cromwell.)

ANSWER TO GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Said Georgia to Miss *Ann* one day
"Please travel with me far away."

"I'll go, sir, if you will agree
To take Miss *Kene-Beck* with me."

Proceeding East, they stopped awhile,
To rest on a *Canary* Isle.

For lunch they took a *Sandwich* slice,
And quite agreed 'twas very nice.

To *Brussels* next they took their way,
And then, in *Russia* spent a day.

They dined on *Turkey*, served, I think,
On *China* painted blue and pink.

Miss *Ann* proceeded to *Japan*,
While *Georgia Carman* tour began.

In *Nubia*, they met once more.
And drank *Madeira*, as of yore.

Now journeying on their homeward way
They came, at length, to Cape-*Cod*-bay.

Not liking such a fishy smell,
They went to *Bath*—then said farewell.

CENTRAL LETTERS.—1. About; 2. bread; 3. cheat; 4. debar; 5. gauze.

The Family Circle.

NOTHING TO SHOW.

"My day has all gone"—'twas a woman who spoke,
As she turned her face to the sunset glow—
"And I have been busy the whole day long;
Yet for my work there is nothing to show."

No painting nor sculpture her hand had wrought;
No laurel of fame her labor had won.
What was she doing in all the long day,
With nothing to show at the set of the sun?

What was she doing? Listen; I'll tell you
What she was doing in all the long day;
Beautiful deeds too many to number;
Beautiful deeds in a beautiful way;

Womanly deeds that a woman may do,
Trifles that only a woman can see,
Wielding a power unmeasured and unknown,
Wherever the light of her presence might be.

For she had rejoiced with those who rejoiced;
Had wept with the sad, and strengthened the weak;
And a poor wanderer, straying in sin,
She in compassion had gone forth to seek.

Unto the poor her aid had been given,
Unto the weary the rest of her home;
Freely her blessings to others were given,
Freely and kindly to all who had come.

Humbly and quietly all the long day
Had her sweet service for others been done;
Yet for the labor of heart and of hand
What could she show at the set of the sun?

Ah, she forgot that our Father in heaven
Ever is watching the work that we do,
And records He keeps of all we forget,
Then judges our work with the judgment that's true;

For an angel writes down in a volume of gold
The beautiful deeds that all do below,
Though nothing she had at set of the sun,
The angel above had something to show.
—*Mary H. Rowland, in Family Friend.*

WHY NICK CONFESSED.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

Poor little fellow! He didn't look much as the other children did, that Saturday afternoon, when they were all playing together. The family to which he—Nick Jackson—belonged, had recently moved into the neighborhood, and but little was known of them except that they appeared like very respectable people, and as the mother took music lessons and spent a great deal of time on Kensington and other fancy work, it was not probably for want of money that Nick's overcoat showed sundry little bursts, and the binding was ripped off here and there; his cap also wanted a stitch or two, and mittens he had none.

It was altogether a neglected-looking little boy, rather than a poor one, on whom the kind, motherly eyes of Mrs. Harper rested, as she stood watching from her window the group of merry children at play, and also with quick, womanly instinct, she divined the fact that the boy felt the difference in his appearance from the rest.

Her own little daughter, Bessie, in neat ulster and felt hat, with bright mittens and leggings, was the picture of comfort and neatness. Mrs. Harper had heard Bessie say that Nick Jackson was one of the nicest little boys that ever was; "only," she added, "he never seems to think the others want him to play, but we do, we all like Nick, and he will do anything in the world for us; why, he's a splendid little boy!"

But something in the look and manner of the little fellow all at once engrossed the mother's attention.

Peeping out of each pocket of the ulster was a bit of something white, which showed that thoughtless Bessie had clutched a fresh handkerchief from her little box, forgetful of the fact that she was already provided with one. Doubtless, all the other children had one of the useful little articles at hand, but now as they dodged about, first one way, then another, Mrs. Harper from behind the blind where she sat watching, noticed that Nick kept pushing playfully between Bessie and little Jennie Hill, and suddenly with a sidelong movement, he jerked one of the handkerchiefs from the ulster pocket, availed himself of its use, then deliberately placed it in his own coat pocket.

It was all so quickly done, that not one of the other children was aware of the trick, but it filled the mother's heart with regret.

"Poor child!" she sighed, "now what must I do? To let Bessie play with a little thief is impracticable surely, and ought I not to tell Mrs. Hill?"

She sat lost in thought for several moments, then arose with a gratified look, as though she had planned it all out to her satisfaction. Presently Bessie ran in for an apple.

"Bessie," she said, "where is your other handkerchief? You had one in each pocket, I noticed, when you were playing."

"Oh dear! I've lost it."

"Well, ask the other children if they have seen it; will you remember?"

"Yes, mamma."

When Bessie came in to supper her mother questioned her again about her loss.

"None of the children had seen it, mamma."

"What did Jennie Hill say?"

"Said she hadn't seen either my ole nosegays," returned Bessie.

"And what did Nick Jackson say?"

"Asked me if I was sure I had two, and I said yes, and he said he was awful sorry I lost it."

A bit of advice as to the importance of being more careful in the future was all that followed then. When in her room alone, Mrs. Harper said to herself, with a sad smile,—"Unless I am very much mistaken, I'll make that dear child tell me the whole truth himself yet, without any questions either. He has a good little face; pity he is quite so neglected."

It was the day before New Year's and Bessie was out playing with Jennie Hill, when Mrs. Harper went to the door in quest of the little girl, as she wanted an errand done; but no little girls were in sight. Just then Nick Jackson appeared.

"Have you seen Bessie, Nick?" inquired Mrs Harper. "I want her to run on an errand for me."

"No, ma'am, I haven't," he replied, "but please let me go for you," added the obliging child. "I'll run to the store and back in a jiffy."

Mrs. Harper gratefully accepted his offer, and as he returned with the errand nicely done, she said cheerily,—

"Come and wish me 'A Happy New Year' to-morrow morning, Nick, that's a good boy."

"Yes'm," responded Nick.

When he came creeping half shyly around the back-yard next morning, Mrs. Harper went to the door, and holding out a neat little package, said heartily,—

"Good-morning, Nick. Here's a little New Year's gift for you; this, you know, is the first day of a new year, a time to be happy and a time to try and be good."

Nick went home, ran to his own room, and hastily removing the wrapper, found three pretty, nice handkerchiefs, with his name neatly marked in one corner of each.

The box which had been stocked for Bessie's delectation had been despoiled of all its attractive belongings, the ample New Year's dinner was over, and Bessie and papa were enjoying a nap. Mrs. Harper was just contemplating lying down herself, when she paused upon hearing some child in conversation with the cook.

"Yes, she's here," said cook, putting her head into the dining-room, and the same moment Nick Jackson entered, his eyes swollen with weeping, and his whole manner so woe-begone, that kind-hearted Mrs. Harper was all sympathy at once.

"Why, Nick, little boy, what is the matter?" she asked pityingly; and, as if he was about to face the one great conflict of his life, he began in a quavering little voice:

"You see, Miss Harper, I never meant to be wicked in my life, no I didn't, but here 'tis,"—and he held up Bessie's little soiled handkerchief,—"here 'tis, Miss Harper. I s'pose I stole it, but I was so 'shamed! all the other fellars had one but me, and all the little girls too, but I hadn't. I'd a asked ma for one, but she was 'broiderin' and says I mustn't bother her. I meant to give it back anyway, but when you so kindly give me those three beau-ti-ful ones,—oh, if I only hadn't!"—

Poor Nick had been steadily losing voice all along, but here he broke into such a great sob that Mrs. Harper cried too, and drawing the little penitent up to her, she talked to him in a manner he never *forgot*, and when she advised him to tell his mother all about it, he said he would, and he did; and it was evident it awoke in her dormant conscience a more lively sense of her little boy's needs, for he was less neglected-looking from that time forth; and a more, honest, truthful child than Nick Jackson could not be found. But to this day neither papa nor Bessie knows that the little lost handkerchief was ever found.—*Watchman.*

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING!

Mr. John Spraggs was a man of principle. He believed in doing what was right, in thinking what was right, and in saying what was right. A good clear conscience was one of his most cherished possessions. "I want," he used to say, "to look every man in the face without flinching;" and consequently he never knew what it was to go down a side street to avoid anybody, whether rich or poor.

But Mr. John Spraggs, for all his good principles, had a good deal to learn, and although he was pretty comfortable he was not exactly happy. But he became happy, thank God, and I should like my readers to know how he became so, if they will listen for a few minutes.

It happened on a New Year's day. It was a cold, wintry morning; the snow had been falling heavily all night, and John had been up bright and early to clear a path from the church door. All day long folks had been wishing him "A happy New Year," and he had been wishing them the same, and "many of them." To tell the truth, however, he had become tired of receiving and returning the New Year's greetings long before the day was over, and actually dreaded having to receive or give any more. But in they came faster and faster, for all the world as if everybody knew that he did not want them. At length, his day's business over, he took refuge by his own fireside, and for the first time for some hours began to breathe freely and comfortably again.

"I am glad," said he, confidentially to his wife, "that New Year's day only comes once a year. It's been nothing but 'Happy New Years' all the day long. I'm thoroughly sick of them."

Now Mrs. Spraggs had had a good many of them too when she went out to do her bit of shopping. But she had quite enjoyed them, and to tell the truth had stayed out a little longer to have a few more of them. And so it was not to be expected that she should show a particle of sympathy with her other half.

"But you want a happy New Year, don't you, John?" she asked.

"Of course I do, my dear," he replied; "but wishing won't bring it, will it? What am I the better for all these scores of wishes I've had-to-day? All they've done for me is to give me a headache, that's all."

"Now look here, husband," said Mrs. Spraggs, "I've got a notion; it's been simmering in my head all the day, and I shan't be comfortable till it's out."

"What's that, my dear?"

Mrs. Spraggs' reply was at first in dumb show. It consisted in getting a clean sheet of paper, a pad of blotting paper, a new pen, and an inkstand; and it was not until after spreading them out and arranging everything that she made any remark.

"I vote," she said, "for being practical. I vote for wishing ourselves a happy New Year, and putting down on paper in black and white what will make it a happy New Year."

"Ay, that's sensible," said John, who had braced himself up to sticking-point. "What shall we put down first?"

"This New Year," wrote Mrs. Spraggs, "shall be a year of new resolutions. There's a good deal in making up our minds, John; more than folks commonly think. Good resolving is half-way house to good performing. Where there's a will there's a way, you know. We have proved that over and over again, haven't we? We'll resolve to brace up our limp wills, to put on new armor, and to begin afresh."

"The very thing," said Mr. Spraggs; "I'll sign to that."

"Now it's your turn, John," said Mrs. Spraggs.

"This New Year shall be a year of new pursuits," proudly suggested Mr. Spraggs, who seemed determined to let no grass grow under his feet. "I don't know how you feel, my dear, but I know I haven't read my Bible as much as I ought to have done. And I know, too, that I haven't done as much good as I ought to have done. And I'm afraid I haven't gone to church as regularly as I ought to have done. Yes, we'll make it a year of new pursuits."

"That's splendid!" said his wife, her face full of smiles. "Now it's my turn again."

"This new year shall be a year of new faith. We shan't do very much better, John, if we don't get some new faith as well. Weak faith is all very well, but it's nothing near so good as strong faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I don't see why we shouldn't have this strong faith either, do you? And so, John, we'll trust the Lord for forgiveness, we'll trust Him in our troubles, and we'll trust Him for all our future. There are plenty of promises to trust in, thank God. I'm sure it will be a happy New Year if we only get new faith for it."

By this time the paper had begun to appear quite business-like, and both husband and wife looked at it with evident pride and pleasure. But there wasn't enough yet to please Mrs. Spraggs, who insisted on her good husband suggesting one more new thought for the new Year.

After thinking a bit, he said, "Well, there is just one thing I think we can't leave out anyhow. It is this—

"This New Year shall be a year of new love. We'll try to love the Lord more, and not get out of temper and say unkind things. Yes, and we'll try to love everybody, whether they love us or not."

When he had finished, said Mrs. Spragge, with a bright face and a somewhat roguish look, "A happy New Year, John."

To which John replied, with every whit as bright a smile, "The same to you, Mary, and many of them."—*Rev. Charles Courtenay, in Friendly Greetings.*

POSTAGE STAMP HONESTY.

Be rigidly straightforward and conscientious even to the value of a postage-stamp. Let nothing on earth tempt you to spend a penny that is not your own. Vow you will rather want for a meal, or wear a threadbare coat, than incur a farthing of debt. Set your face determinedly against all underhand dealing. Have nothing to do with shuffling or shams of any kind. Do your own part to purify the market-place, and to make the commerce of our land such as heaven can smile on. Detest the gospel of shoddy. Hate all trickery, imposition, and evasion. In the smallest trifles act as under the eye of God. Plant your foot firmly on the line of stern principle, and dare the devil himself to persuade you to cross that line. Even as regards this world, dishonesty is the worst policy. It means in the end death to your peace, death to your comfort, death to your interests, death to your soul! Only two days ago, I heard of a young man who had business transactions with a foreign merchant, and was asked, some time since, to send out certain packages of goods marked of a less weight than they actually were, the object being to evade the payment of a heavy import duty. Many a young fellow would have smiled, and done it. The friend I am speaking of telegraphed, "I cannot, and won't do it." "Very well," replied the foreigner, "there are plenty of others who will, and our business connection is at an end." This meant a heavy loss to the conscientious youth. Since then, the foreign merchant has written him as follows:—"Enclosed is a draft for ——, which please put to my credit. I am sending my son to England to learn your way of business. There is nobody in whom I have so much confidence as I have in you. Will you take him into your office, and make him the same sort of man that you are yourself?"—*Dr. Thain Davidson.*

LAST KNOCKS.

Some people are able to tell when they first heard the knocks of Jesus. These are first knocks. But Mr. McCheyne once said to a little girl in Kelso, "Remember, also, there are last knocks." When the heart becomes hard and careless, then be afraid. Be afraid lest Christ should knock for the last time. Oh, you at whose hearts He is still knocking, you whose hearts are still fresh and young, oh, children, in the days of youth open the doors of your heart, and let the King of glory in.—*Macleod.*

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

BY MARGARET B. SANGSTER.

Look at his quaint and homely but kind face, as the artist has drawn it, and then listen while I tell you about his life. Wherever he went, children clustered around him, eagerly attending to his bright and happy talk. He loved them all, and in return they gave him their love.

It was on April 2, 1805, that Andersen was born, at Odense, in Denmark. His parents were very poor, but very good, and a baby might have found a far worse home than the tiny room which was to Hans a dear, warmly lined nest. It was crowded enough with the great bedstead, the table, the dresser filled with shining pots and pans, and the bench by which Hans's father made or mended shoes all day, while his mother did the house-work. But there was plenty of room in it for a great deal of fun and enjoyment.

The mother had pasted pictures over the walls until wherever the baby looked he saw a story. The father had a shelf full of books and songs, for though untaught he had a poet's heart. There was another pleasure, and that was a garden on the roof, to which Hans climbed by a ladder when his limbs grew strong, and there for hours he would play among the budding plants.

Always in May, when the woods were lovely, the parents would go together to bring home green branches, with which they decked their home. And on Sunday afternoons little Hans and his father used often to spend hours in the forest strolling about or listening to the birds.

A very bright, cheery life the little boy lived in his earliest years. Everybody petted him. His mother sent him to school to learn his A B C but made the teacher promise never to punish him. He was very gentle, and fond of dreaming in the sunny yard, under a tent made by placing his mother's apron over two currant bushes. Sometimes he played for hours with dolls, which he loved to dress.

Gentle as he was, he was fearless too. During the harvest his mother sometimes went to the field to glean after the reapers. One day she and her friends were gleaning in the field of a very cross man, of whom everybody was afraid. A cry was raised that this wretch was coming. Sure enough, on he strode, flourishing a great whip, and calling the poor people names. They all ran away, and little Hans, not so strong as the rest, presently lost his wooden shoes, and found that the fierce bailiff was almost upon him.

He turned round, looked with his blue baby eyes right into the angry face, and said, "How dare you strike me when God can see it!"

The harsh man stopped at once, lowered his whip, and patting the rosy cheeks, gave the brave child some coins from his pocket. It was an unheard-of thing, and Hans's mother exclaimed, "Truly, a strange boy is my Hans; nobody can resist him."

By-and-by the merry, easy-going years came to an end. The father died, the mother married again, and there was talk of apprenticing the lad to a tailor.

This did not delight Hans. His ambition was to be an actor or a great singer; and no wonder, for he had a clear high soprano voice of such sweetness that a throng gathered whenever he sang, and he had a talent for mimicry, and could invent plays of his own, in which he made his dolls and toys take the part of the several characters.

Andersen was only fourteen years old, when, imploring his mother's consent to let him go and try his fortunes in the great world, he set off for Copenhagen. He had only a very little money, and his clothing was tied up in a small bundle. The neighbors told his mother that she would never see him again, and that it was dreadful to let a boy so young and so full of silly fancies go so far by himself.

One wise old woman, however, said: "Let him go. He will become a great man, and in his honor Odense will one day be illuminated."

At the city gates his mother and his grandmother kissed him and bade him good-by, and he was presently well on his way. By one rude conveyance or another he reached Copenhagen.

The first thing he did, when fairly away from home, was to kneel on the ground behind a shed and ask God's blessing.

Arrived at the capital, he soon found friends who were interested in him on account of his voice. A celebrated composer took him into his house, and gave him lessons. After a while, alas! the voice broke and lost its sweetness, and it seemed a great calamity. But what looked like misfortune was in reality an advantage, for it resulted in Andersen's being sent, for the first time in his life, to a good school.

Here, though often pained by boys who did not understand him, and by the curtness of the masters, Hans distinguished himself by diligence and by progress. A lad of nearly seventeen, thin and awkward, he was obliged at first to enter classes with little fellows; but he did not mind this, for he wanted to learn to please his kind patron, Councillor Collin, of Copenhagen. He had to work hard, for, although he had written verses, he knew nothing of grammar, geography, or spelling, let alone Latin, which was one of his new tasks.

When a very little fellow an old washerwoman had told Hans that the Empire of China was directly under his feet. Sometimes he would go and sing as loud as he could, hoping that a Prince of China, hearing him, would dig himself up, and bring him a fortune. Years after, when declaiming or reading his beautiful stories to delighted audiences, he said that he would find himself watching for the Prince to pop up through the floor.

Well, the boy became a poet, and wrote novels, and finally began to write stories for children. His works are published in ten volumes, and many of them are filled with the sweetest, daintiest, and purest stories in the catalogue of children's literature. "The Snow Queen," "The Ugly Duckling," "The Tin Soldier," "The Fir-Tree," "The Darning-Needle," and "The Little Girl with Matches," are among the favorites.

When his first works appeared they met with some sharp criticism. In company one day a learned divine was calling attention to words which were repeated in one of his stories, when a child of six, pointing with her dimpled finger, said, "Sir, there is still a little word about which you have not scolded," and the little word was "and." It is to be hoped the good man was ashamed of himself.

The children adored Andersen, not in Denmark only, but, as his stories were translated, all over Europe. Little royal children made him welcome to their nurseries, and peasant children trooped after him on the roads. There was not a house in Denmark, from the palace to that of the poorest artisan, where a plate was not ready for Hans Andersen at any moment.

You may imagine that he was a charming guest. He was always ready to tell one of his beautiful stories. He would ask for a scissors and a piece of paper, and cut out the most marvellous things—fairy trees, houses and castles. Nobody could arrange flowers as he could. He belonged to everybody, and in every house there was a corner which was his.

On his seventieth birthday the nation paid him a tribute of honor. The little town of Odense was crowded with visitors. A copy of his works in thirty-two languages was presented to him. Money was contributed to erect his statue, and to found a home for poor children in his name. It was a very happy day for the silver-haired old man, in whom the child-heart still beat.

Four months later, in the flush of August's beauty, he passed away from earth. The day of his funeral every shop in Copenhagen was shut, and the whole town put on mourning. One of the most touching incidents was that told by a by-stander, who saw a poor woman lingering in the church after the coffin had been carried out.

"I must find a leaf," she said, "to take to my little crippled boy at home."

Then she told how kind the poet had been to her son, sitting by his bedside, and telling him stories. She went home comforted by the gift of a rose.

There is no danger that the pious, simple-hearted Andersen will ever be forgotten while children live to keep his memory green.—*Harper's Young People.*

"THE CHILDREN'S STORY-TELLER."

ALWAYS THE FARTHING READY.

Poor Mrs. Lewis had been laid up for many weeks with a severe attack of bronchitis. She was a widow with three little children, whom she supported by needlework; so that when at the beginning of winter she fell ill, it was hard to say how the daily bread was to be provided. But kind friends came forward to help; ladies for whom she had worked sent her beef-tea and other necessaries; a sister living in another part of London took charge of two of the children, leaving only the eldest, a little boy of eight, who was useful in waiting on his mother, and bringing her medicine from the dispensary. At last she began slowly to mend; and one day her district visitor, calling to read to her, found that the invalid had received the doctor's leave to sit up for a few hours the following day.

"I see," Miss Annesley said, "you have had your wants supplied. What a nice warm shawl that is!" It was made of crotchet-work in dark blue wool, and was large enough to wrap across the chest and tie at the back.

"Yes, miss; I told my little girl you'd be sure to notice it; it's every bit her work, and you see how it goes just where the cold might strike me. But there's more comfort in it than that; it brings home to me, like a sermon, what the Bible says about trusting in God and not worrying about to-morrow."

"May I have the comfort of the sermon too?" asked her friend.

"Well, miss, it was like this. The day the children were coming back to me, and I was feeling troubled about how we should get along, my Jenny came running in all out of breath with a great parcel, and she threw it on my lap and put her arms round my neck, and said, half laughing and half crying, "It's for you, mother, and it's all my work;" and when I opened it there was this very shawl.

"'But,' I said to her, 'Jenny, my child, how did you get the money for the wool?'

"'I got it a farthing skein at a time, mother,' she said; 'and as soon as ever I'd finished one skein, there was always the farthing ready to buy another. Sometimes aunt gave me the farthing change when I went errands for her; once I picked one up in the court, and everybody said it wasn't theirs; then a lady who came to teach work at the school gave us a penny each for hemming dusters; but I only had a penny twice, it oftenest came just by farthings, and I liked it best like that."

"So I asked her why; and she said, 'It was oftener something to be glad of, mother, and then just to look out where another farthing was to come from. I think God sent them, mother,' she said. 'Its because of the farthing skeins there are so many knots, but I thought you'd be able to sew them down.'

"However, miss," added Mrs. Lewis, "I'm inclined just to leave the knots as they are, to keep me in mind how here's a fresh help ready whenever the last is used up. I'm finding it so, miss; what with coals sent to me, and bread tickets, and work paid beforehand that I needn't hurry with, there's something to thank Him for every hour of the day."

"Yes," answered her visitor, "He would have us live by the day. It is that we may have, like Jenny, 'something oftener to be glad of;'—that our supplies are sometimes sent, like the money for Jennie's wool, 'a farthing at a time;' and most surely we shall reach our home above to tell, like Jenny, how in one way or another, for every time of need, there was 'always the farthing ready.'"—*Friendly Greetings.*

If You Cannot do some great thing, be content to do some little thing. A friend told me something I did not see at the time about the burning of the Ring Theatre, at Vienna. The gas went out. There was one door where they were trying to get out, and it looked as if they were all going to perish. But a man had one match; he lit it, and so saved twenty lives. It may be you are not very talented, but God can use you to save twenty or forty souls. There is not a Christian but could lead one soul to Christ if he would make up his mind to do it, by the help of God.

"I'm 'Fraid of the dark!" said baby, snuggling up to mamma one night.

"Why?" asked mamma.

"'Cause it comes so close to me."

THE STORY OF A DAY.

Mrs. Marshall, in Sunday at Home.

CHAPTER IV.—*(Continued.)*

Kit dreamed that once more he was in the Leigh woods, and the birds were all singing and there were not only a few lilies in patches here and there, but the ground was covered with them, big beautiful lilies, like none he had ever seen before.

The odd thing was, that he did not want to gather them, he lay down amongst them and they were his. He wanted no money and no food, for he was satisfied in a strange and unusual way. Then he heard a voice calling him; and looking up he saw the grave sweet face of the young lady in black, and the merry laughing face of the other young lady, who tore her dress in the effort she made to help him.

He wanted no help now, it was all rest, and cool shade and full of delight. Kit remembered one of those young ladies had called him a scarecrow and laughed at him.

She did not call him a scarecrow, now, and looking down he saw he was in new clothes, white and pure as the lilies, and that this wonderful change in himself did not surprise him; he thought it was quite natural that he should not be dirty little Kit any more, but clean Kit, bright and clean.

The little active brain, which had worked so cunningly to make shift and get his daily bread, was at work now in sleep, though he did not know it, and, filled with the images of the morning beauty, rehearsed them again for him.

And the grave lady with a sweet voice as she said "Tell me your name," and then some one he could not see said, "I give him a new name."

Kit was quite sorry when by the jostling of some men, who came to take the logs away, he was disturbed from his sleep.

It was rather hard to be kicked and told to move off, and be called a lazy cub, but Kit arose, shook himself and his rags into place, and saying to himself,

"I'll go right back again, p'raps I shall see them, and p'raps I may get the sixpence."

The Cathedral clock and the city church clocks all over Bristol chimed five, as Kit, for the second time that day, set off for Nightingale Valley. He was very hungry now and faint, and as he passed the bakers' shops he did long for a loaf, but he remembered what the lady said about the Friend of children, who hated cheating and lies, so he hurried by that he might not be tempted. He went through College Green this time, and up Park street, past the smart shops, and not so very far before him was Beatrice, though neither knew it.

At the crossing by Victoria Square Kit paused, a little uncertain which way to take, but he pushed on, his little ragged figure unnoticed, and at last he reached the Suspension Bridge.

And here a new difficulty presented itself, one he was not prepared for. He was running through under the great stone arch, with the iron arm making a roadway from earth to sky, when a voice called him back.

"Here, young 'un—hi, stop! Where's your penny?"

"I've not got a penny."

"Then you stop, and turn the way you came, that's all."

"Please, sir," said Kit to the man at the gate, "I want to go across to the woods."

"Dare say you do," was the cool reply. "I came over Bedminster Bridge this morning, and I want to get back very particular, sir."

The old gate-keeper assumed a stolid air, and busied himself in giving return tickets to two ladies.

Something in Kit's dejected, disappointed face struck the old man at last, and he said:

"What do you want over the bridge, you look half-starved; here," and he threw him a bit of stale bread which had been left from his dinner. Kit's eyes twinkled, and he ate it up, hard as it was to bite, as a hungry dog snaps up a bone. Emboldened by this kindness, Kit ventured to say, with one of his funny contortions.

"Do 'e let me go over, do 'e now, sir."

"Well, cut along then, but you must go back t'other way by Bedminster or the ferry, mind."

Kit was off like a shot, and his weary little feet never faltered till they had carried him by a side path down Nightingale Valley, in the track of his morning expedition.

Kit's perseverance was crowned with success, he found the old basket caught in its descent on the bough of an overhanging maple, and he came upon a new bed of the lilies of the valley, betrayed by their fragrance. He gathered a large bunch and laid them carefully in the basket, and then climbed up, not by the precipitous path which he had chosen in the morning, but by a more beaten track which led him to a green knoll where two or three old oaks stood, and before which Mentone and many other pretty houses were built.

Kit wished he could find his lady again with the sweet voice; he wished he knew whether she lived in one of those houses.

"It would be a joke to see her again."

Thus meditating, something bright caught his eye in the grass. He darted towards it, and found it was the purse in which the lady had looked in vain in the morning for a sixpence.

"There's nought in it now," he said, "but paper." And Kit's dirty little fingers were soon feeling curiously the texture of the bank-notes which Beatrice had put into her purse.

"What's they, I wonder, they be three all alike;" and then Kit examined the multitude of little lines, and the big letter in the corner.

Kit could read plainly printed letters, for he had been occasionally to the Ragged School down in Redclyffe street, and he knew a large A and B and C when he saw them, and he could spell a few words. But these letters puzzled him, though after much cogitation, he thought the first must be F, and the second, I. What could it mean?

I need not say Kit had never heard of a bank-note, much less never seen one. And yet he felt a conviction that these bits of thin paper must be of value, or the lady would not have put them in her purse. Her purse it was, of that he had no doubt, he had studied it so carefully when he saw the pretty slender fingers dipping into all the pockets in vain. And now, what should he do with it? Where could he take it?

If he only knew which house belonged to the lady, but how was he to tell?

Close to the gates of Mentone was a heap of stones, which had been left there by some workmen who were making a rockery in Mr. Mansfield's garden. Kit perched on these, determined to wait in hope.

Many groups of happy girls and boys passed by, their baskets full of treasures from the woods. Some looked at him, a little scarecrow perched on the stones, but none spoke to him.

(To be Continued.)

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE IN A CHINESE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY MRS. H. M. KIEFFER.

About a year ago an effort was made in the Sunday-school connected with the church of which my husband is pastor, to organize the Chinese laundrymen of the town into a Sunday-school, or into a Sunday-school class. On visiting the different laundries for the purpose of explanation and invitation, it was found that the greatest obstacle to the undertaking consisted in the existence of a bitter feud between two rival factions of Chinamen—the Sam Long faction and the Charley Lee faction. Sam Long said he and his men would come, but if Charley Lee or any of his party came near, he would have nothing to do with it—a decision he expressed with certain expletives more forcible than elegant. After frequent visits and much urging, small delegations from both parties were induced to come to the school-room from two to four o'clock every Sunday afternoon, the regular school not being in session at that hour. The two factions came in separately, sat on opposite sides of the room, and went out of the room after the manner of the Jews and Samaritans of old. It was found necessary to provide a teacher for each Chinaman, a lady being always preferred. A superintendent and organist were appointed; books, Testaments, and pictorial alphabet cards were provided, and our Chinese Sunday-school was begun.

And it soon became very interesting work. Our Chinamen, with one or two exceptions could not read. To many of them we were obliged to teach the alphabet as one would teach a child. But we found them not only ready learners, but so eager to acquire a knowledge of our language as to be actually greedy for the coveted possession.

SOMETHING IN THE WAY.

One day I had a Chinaman in charge who knew nothing of our language whatever. I began to teach him the letters. Over and over the first nine letters of the alphabet I went with him until I was weary of the endless repetition. At first he called "B" "F." "No, no," said I; "not F, but B. Look at my lips when I say it—B." The poor fellow, taking a full breath, and with an agonizing effort, as if his very life depended on it, fairly exploded with "B-e-e!" But F bothered him most of all. He insisted on calling it "epth," and only after repeatedly pointing to my lips and teeth as I uttered it, did I get him to pronounce it correctly. Farther than the letter I, he would not go the first Sunday, intimating that he must be sure of the letters he had learned before attempting anything farther. He took the card containing the alphabet home with him, and, with the help of another Chinaman farther advanced than he, by next Sunday knew every letter without a single important mistake.

The Chinamen are bright. They are ready learners, full of questions, some of which are puzzling enough. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor," one was reading one day, and stopped to spell "neighbor" more carefully. "Leighbor,—what that mean?" In the middle of my attempted explanation he burst in: "Yes, yes; I see. I live here," —illustrating by placing his finger on a certain spot on the bench, "and other man live here;" here he placed his finger on a spot several feet distant from the first. "He my leighbor. Yes, yes!"

"Receive" (which, of course, he pronounced "leceive," for the Chinaman has great difficulty with the letter R), "leceive? What that mean?" The explanation being given, his face lit up as he exclaimed: "Yes, yes! Man send me letter; I get it. I leceive letter. Yes, yes!"

"Parents? What that?" "Parents mean father and mother. Have you father and mother in China?" With an expression of sadness, the poor fellow answered: "No, no. No live."

"Interpretation" bothered him; and no wonder, it is such a long word, and an abstract word besides. Concrete words, as names of things, one can explain, but when it comes to "perhaps" and "nevertheless" and "through," in our reading in the New Testament, we are at a loss. Thus the word or abbreviation, "St." (at the top of the page in the Gospel), was almost beyond my power to make intelligible.

I got along better with "evil," however. "Evil, evil!" said he. "Not know what evil is." After some attempt at explanation, a glimmer of intelligence passed over his countenance as he exclaimed: "Yes, yes, evil alle bad—go to gaol!" There are not a few in our own land who have no better conception of sin.

Much of the Chinaman's language is necessarily slang. When we say "Good-afternoon," they almost invariably reply in the language of the telephone and the street urchin, "Hello!" It was in no spirit of irreverence, therefore, that one of our Chinamen, being asked, "Do you know who Jesus is?" answered, "I betchye!"

In one of our lessons there was a picture of an angel. "What that man?" asked John. "What him wings? what do?" He got the words "title" and "tiger" confounded once. Said he: "T-i-t-l-e? Most like t-i-g-e-r,—eat man!"

"Wrote; what that? what that mean?" After some endeavor to explain the preterite form of the verb "write," he suddenly caught my meaning, and burst out with: "Oh, yes; means same as lite (write)—only leetle vile ago (little while ago). I lite letter leetle vile ago; I lote letter; yes, yes."

"Do you know what Nazareth is?" I inquired. "A town," said he; "Jews lived there."

"Gabbatha—that not our language—not often see that word."

We find that our Chinamen do not like to come to the regular Sunday-school. They are very shy and sensitive, and cannot endure to be gazed at by the children. However they are regularly at church every Sunday evening. They are very fond of singing. "Like to hear it," they say, but when I asked them to join in the singing they shook their heads. "You should try," I urged; "you will soon learn." But they only laughed more heartily, and shook their heads more emphatically, saying, "No, no; no sing, no sing."—*S. S. Times.*

THE STORY OF A DAY.

(Mrs. Marshall, in Sunday at Home.)

CHAPTER V.

At last a carriage came swiftly up the road, drawn by a pair of spirited horses. It was full of people, and Lena and Hilda Mansfield were in it, their friends at Westbury having brought them home after their tennis party.

A gentleman was driving, and a young man was on the box.

The horses pranced and curveted and seemed to dislike to take the turn into the gates of Mentone, past the heap of stones.

"Open the gate wider, you boy, will you?" the gentleman called, "and look sharp."

Kit stumbled down from his stones, leaving the basket behind him, but grasping the purse in his hand.

The gates of Mentone were ornamental iron gates, opening in the middle, and one division had blown back a little, and Kit was to push it to its place.

"Look sharp," the gentleman called again, and then before he could control the horses they had bolted on, into the drive, and alas! knocked down poor little Kit, while a wheel passed over him.

The screams of the girls in the carriage brought out the servants, and Mr. Mansfield, and the boys.

"Who is hurt?"

"Nobody," the gentleman who was driving called out. "Mansfield, you should have your gate fastened back securely."

But now another voice was heard; it was Beatrice's. She had been retracing her steps in the hope of recovering her lost purse, and, returning after a fruitless errand, arrived just as the carriage had turned in at the gates.

"Somebody is hurt," she said, "it is my poor little boy. Hilda—Hilda, come and look at him."

"It is the poor little scarecrow," Hilda said. "Is he dead? How dreadful!" They had all gathered to the place now, and the young man, who had been on the box of the carriage, was bending over Kit. He was a doctor, with a large, tender heart, and poor Kit was at that moment of as much interest to him as if he had been a prince.

"Where shall I take him?" he asked, lifting the poor little insensible form in his strong arms.

"To the hospital," Mr. Mansfield said.

"Have you no room here? I should like to examine him first. He is very seriously injured."

"Well, really, I don't know."

"Oh, Uncle Henry," Beatrice said, "there is an empty room over the stables."

"Show me the way then," said the young doctor in a peremptory voice; "there is no time to lose." The servants were kind and helpful, and soon Kit was laid, at the coachman's desire, in his bed.

He opened his eyes then, and the little clenched hand unloosed its hold of the purse.

When he saw Beatrice's face leaning over him he said:

"It's yours; I found it; I was watching for you to come. I knew you'd come. Ain't it good, though, that you've got it all right." Then Beatrice exclaimed,—

"Yes, it is my purse. I have been all the way back to Clifton to find it. Thank you, dear Kit."

A smile of satisfied desire passed over Kit's face, and then he relapsed into unconsciousness.

The kind young doctor stayed with him, and did all that he could do. But Kit was beyond earthly help.

"He would have died on the way had I removed him to the hospital," he said. "The wheel has passed over his spine, and he cannot live long."

About ten o'clock, when the nightingales were beginning to sing their best and sweetest, one of the servants brought in the old basket and the gathered lilies.

Hilda, too, came timidly in, and looked down at Kit.

The doctor and Mr. Mansfield's niece had taken off all the rags, and washed the little grimy face and hands, and clothed Kit in one of Paul's night-gowns. The Kit of Chap's Court seemed to have vanished, and a very different Kit come in his place.

He did not suffer, they thought, but on his face was the unmistakable shadow of death.

Beatrice sat by, his hand in hers, and she sang to him the hymn he loved. The hymn of which fragments only had remained in the poor little waif's head.

Only fragments, but the Friend of little children was near Kit.

There was another interval of consciousness, and then Kit said,

"Is He here?"

"Who do you mean?" Beatrice asked. "Who do *you* mean, Kit?"

"The Friend you told me of, the Friend of little children."

"Yes, dear," Beatrice said. "He won't forget you, Kit."

"That's good," was the answer.

It was as if his dream, as he slept under the timbers, had come back—the white, pure dress which his poor little hand unconsciously stroked, the lilies which Beatrice had laid near him.

"I hear music," he whispered. "Hark!"

"The nightingales are singing their hymns to God," Beatrice said.

But Kit heard singing sweeter than the nightingales. The face of the poor tired little child of poverty grew bright as they looked at it, with the light "that is never on land and sea." And before midnight had struck out from the church towers of the city, where the feet of Kit would never more pursue their weary way, Kit was at home—in the home for little children, made ready for them by the hand of Infinite Love.

So the day closed, and left behind it, as every day leaves, its own story in the narrow circle of an individual life, or the wider field of nations and peoples.

Day unto day uttereth speech; let us all listen for the lesson and try to learn it.

One day, with all its rainbow hues of joy, its clouds of sorrow, its stings of earthly care, its wounds of deeper meaning. One day!—oh, wondrous thought!—with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

The story closes here, the little story of little lives slightly touched with varied colors. But on the whole, perhaps, true to the likeness of days that have been, or days that shall be, in the salient points of each one of us in the lesser details.

Mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, children of rich and poor—the loved and the loving, the cared for and the neglected—as each day goes by, remember it was yours to use, a gift from God, and that it can never be won back.

Surely that thought is a grave one for us all in our

"Trivial round, and common task;"

and we may all try to take each day as it comes from God, and wreathing it about with the fair flowers of patience, purity, and love, lay up for ourselves treasure in the heavens, when the Eternal Dayspring has dawned, and sorrow and sighing have fled!

THE END.

THE PURSE HAS FOUND ITS OWNER.

THE PLUMBER AND THE VOICE.

When a young man Mr. Spurgeon was invited to preach in the Crystal Palace. He was afraid that his voice might not be equal to that vast space. He went down one day that he might try his voice and see if he could fill the audience-room. While he stood upon the platform he said to himself, "What verse shall I repeat from the Bible?" This one occurred to him, and he gave it with great force: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He was at once convinced that he would not be required to use so much voice and that he could easily make himself heard. He repeated the verse once more in lower tone and retired.

Years passed away, more than a quarter of a century of wonderful accomplishment and toil. One day the brother of Spurgeon, who is also a clergyman, was called to the bedside of a dying mechanic. He had not long to live. He was asked if he was ready to die. "Oh, yes," he replied with confidence. "Will you give your experience?" "Why," said the poor fellow, his face bright with peace, "I am a plumber by trade. Years ago I was in the dome of the Crystal Palace at my work. I supposed I was alone. I was a godless man. Suddenly, as a voice from heaven, I heard the words, 'This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' I was convicted of my sins, I saw Christ as my Saviour, I accepted him then and there. I have served him all these years."

Surely the promise is verified, "My word shall not return unto me void." Mr. Spurgeon related this fact to the Secretary of the London Y. M. C. A. We had it from his lips.

The secret of power is with them that fear Him. The power behind Spurgeon is God himself. He communes with the Eternal and his message comes from the King.—*American Messenger.*

RUNNING TO CATCH THE TRAIN.

Think of the vast number of railway stations, constantly emptied to be filled with a new set of travellers! Now, quite a portion of the population as a whole, and a larger proportion of those who make up the travelling public, are in a condition that makes it unsafe for them to become excited, to act suddenly, or to put forth unwonted exertions. Their hearts are enlarged and dilated; or have undergone fatty, or other form of degeneration; or there is a dangerous aneurism of the aorta.

With care and the habit of rigid self-control, such may enjoy comfortable health for many years, or even to old age; but a single violent act may result in instant death.

Many of these are wholly unaware of any serious heart-trouble. Yet every day and everywhere may be seen persons perhaps with heavy satchels, or other incumbrance, hurrying for the train, to save themselves from being left.

Says the *Medical Reporter*, "If a record of all such cases could be made, it would probably be found that deaths or serious injuries occasioned by lightning or hydrophobia, so much spoken of and dreaded, would bear but a small proportion to those resulting from the daily, incessant, desperate efforts to catch the train."

The editor adds the case of a friend, fat but remarkably healthy, never having had any sickness, who, finding himself late, started into a rapid run.

On reaching the station, he sat down, but rose in a moment, wiped the sweat from his face with his handkerchief, saying "he would not like to run that way again," instantly fell down and was dead.

Of course it is annoying to find oneself left, especially where important business is involved. Yet it is never necessary either to run or to hurry. All we have to do is to start in season,—to form the habit of being on time,—leaving a good margin for possible delays and the possible variation of the watch from the standard time. The habit will be worth in other directions, moral as well as physical, all it would cost. Form it, and there will be no occasion to hurry to catch the train.—*Youth's Companion.*

AN ENGLISH PAPER says:—Temperance workers should consider how far they can consistently deal with grocers who hold liquor licences. If the grocers do not at present see that their sale of intoxicating liquors is an exciting cause in the spread of female intemperance, possibly they will make the discovery when they find that respectable householders transfer their orders for groceries to tradesmen who have no part or lot in the manufacture of drunkards.

SPEAKING of drinking, it may be observed that the man who "can take it or leave it alone" generally takes it.

Question Corner.—No. 25.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. How did a widow woman pay a debt and save her two sons from being sold into bondage?
2. Who was commanded to shave his head and beard, and weigh in a balance and divide it?
3. Who commanded that neither man nor beast, nor herd nor flock, should taste food nor drink water for a certain period?
4. Where in the Bible does it tell of meal being used as an antidote for poison?
5. What prophet ate a book?
6. Where is it recorded that one shall put a thousand to flight?
7. Where, that 10,000 people were cast from a rock and killed?
8. What conquered city became a field of salt?
9. Where is the first record of printing?
10. Where does it speak of a people whose jawteeth are as knives?

BIBLICAL EXCLAMATION.

An exclamation of admiration given in Numbers; has 59 letters.

The 32, 50, 11, 46, 9, 44, 12, 28 was the young cat daughter of Herod.

The 45, 49, 1, 27, 24, 12 is a valley in Southern Judea.

The 25, 47, 34, 41, 37, 8, 17, 30, 21 was a son of Saul.

The 40, 5, 43, 1, 13, 38, 43, 16, 52, 23 was a tribe of Kenites.

The 3, 15, 43, 40, 20, 53 is a small animal.

The 4, 25, 7, 31, 19, 48, 10, 11, 53 is plenty.

The 20, 6, 35, 4, 39, 50, 14, 18 is a plant and its fruit.

The 51, 36, 33, 5, 41, 22, 43, 2, 31 is earnest consideration.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 24.

1. Felix—Acts 23: 24; Festus—Acts 24: 27; Fortunatus—1 Cor. 16: 17.
2. Vashti—Esth. 1: 9; Valentin—Ecc. 9: 9; Vashti—1 Coron. 6: 28; Vophsi—Num. 13: 14.
3. Forty days, Jonah 3: 4.
4. Zoah—Gen. 2: 24.
5. Absalom—2 Sam. 14: 26.
6. Quarries—Rom. 16: 23.
7. Solomon—Gen. 2: 37; Abraham—Gen. 21: 33.
8. Ahab and Jezebel—1 Kings 21: 7-15.
9. Job in the Epistles—Mark 1: 6
10. Jacob—Gen. 27: 16.

AN OLD LADY'S TALK.

"I wish my papa would take me out to drive," sighed little Ida as she threw down her doll and went to the window.

"Perhaps he will when he comes home," said her mamma.

"I wish he would come now," said Ida; "I am tired of all my plays."

Ida's grandmother sat in the corner with her knitting. "What you really want is something to do, child," she said. "Learn to be of use in the world, and you will be happy."

"I do not like to be of use," said Ida; "I want something pleasant to happen all the time."

"You never can have that wish granted, dear," said her grandmother. "There will be sure to be some time in which you will be left to yourself. Besides, people get tired even of pleasant things after a while."

"Why, that is true," said Ida. "I thought my doll was a beauty, but now I do not seem to care for it; and my kitty was as nice as she could be, but now that she is spoiling into a great cat I do not like to play with her. I wish I was as old as my sister Alice; then I could have company, or go out when I chose to do it without asking mamma, and people would pay me more attention than they do now, and invite me to ride, and say nice things to me."

"Is Alice never tired?" said the old lady, glancing at a beautiful young girl who had just come in.

"I am always tired," said Alice, laughing. "I was just wishing that something would happen—something quite new and entertaining."

"Oh, the pity of it!" sighed the grandmother, "rich, young and in good health, yet tired of life!"

"Are you never tired, grandma?" said Alice. "Do you never find the days long?"

"They are always too short for me," said the old lady. "I have so much to do that I never can keep ahead of my work."

"I guess you only like to work because you are old," said Ida. "You have forgotten how you used to feel when you were a little girl."

"Indeed I have not," said the old lady. "Girls had to work in those days. They not only had to help with the cooking and sweeping and dusting, but they had to take their place at the spinning-wheel and spin the yarn to knit their own stockings."

"Oh, grandma," said Ida, "I should think that would be great fun. I found an old spinning wheel in our garret the other day, and I tried it, and found I could make it go round just as fast. I wish you would teach me how to spin."

The old lady smiled as she said, "It is one thing to set the wheel in motion and another to spin with it. Threads tangle, and break, and one has to have patience and perseverance in order to learn how to do the work."

"I should hate it," said Alice. "I hate to sew, and I hate to be patient or useful. It is too stupid."

"We were not stupid at all," said the old lady. "Our tasks were given to us, and we took pleasure in trying to do them well. When we found a spare hour in which to amuse ourselves, we were merry enough. We had no rich dresses or finery. Our dress was plain and comfortable—short and scant enough not to get in our way when we ran about the house, and loose enough not to interfere with our motions."

"I should think it must have been horrid," said Alice. "Yet I do believe you would like to have us brought up in the same way, grandma."

"No, dear child, not exactly," said the old lady; "but I would like to have you seek to be good and do good, rather than to be always thinking how you can amuse yourself. The older you grow the harder it will be for you unless you learn that a selfish life can never be a happy one."—*The Morning Star.*

TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

1. Five years ago drinking places in Ireland were closed on the Sabbath. During this time there has been a decrease of $37,500,000 spent for liquor; how much has Ireland saved each year? How much each day?

2. (a) How much will a drinker spend for liquor from the age of 19 to 49, inclusive, drinking 2 glasses a day at 10 cents a glass? (b) If each year's useless expense be put into the bank at 8 percent, compound interest, to how much would it amount?

2. The annual liquor bill for the United States is $1,464,000,000 and the amount paid for tobacco is ⅔ as much; how much is expended for tobacco?

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